

#### ARLINGTON

O. F. Smith was a Sunday guest at Alfred Buck's.

Mrs. Samuel Sivers is spending a week in New York.

Miss Merguerite Clark is spending a few days in New York.

Arthur Gagnon had the misfortune to break an arm last week.

Mrs. A. F. Bump is visiting her son, Marlie Seymour, in Poultney.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Conroy have returned from their wedding trip.

Mrs. Gates of Gardner, Mass., spent the week-end with friends in town. -Mrs. C. D. Gilchrist has returned

from a two weeks' visit in New York. St. James Guild met with Mrs. Frank Stubenrauch on Friday after-

Harry Scrivens of Troy, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. James P. Cullinan.

Mrs. Charles Charleton and Miss Agnes Robinson spent a day in Bennington recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins of Gardner. B. Wilbur's. Mass., were week-end guests of Mr.

and Mrs. Alfred Buck. Miss Harriet Billings has returned to New York after spending the sum- tal for treatment.

mer at her home here. Miss Statia Keough of Bennington, spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Keough.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Cooledge of Bennington, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Frances Cooledge.

Mrs. William Hitchcock and children of Manchester Center, were re- vaccinated twenty-one times, cent guests of her parents, Mr. and

Mrs. J. B. Lakin. Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Pierce and Mrs. Bert Marshal of Rutland, spent the week-end with their parents, Mr. York Post. and Mrs. Richard Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith Buck, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Buck and C. Seager motored from Cobleskill, N. Y., Saturday and called on friends in town, returning home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Shakshober of Bennington, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Matteson of North Bennington, were among the out-of-town guests at the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. F. N. EASY FOR ALL CONCERNED. Nichols.

#### NORTH DORSET (Intended for last week)

Mrs. Edward B. Fleming and two children, who have been the guests of her parents for several days, have returned to their home in West Rutland.

Miss Frances Cooney, who accompanied her uncle, Bernard Cooney, home from a visit in Malone, N. Y., has returned to that city after spending a month with relatives here.

#### PERU

(Intended for last week) Fine autump weather.

M. J. Hapgood was in Brattleboro the first of the week. The Cosmus families returned to

their homes in New York Saturday and closed their house here. Rev. F. H. Hall of Boston, occupied

the pulpit here last Sunday. He expects to remain here this week and preach again next Sunday.

For regular action of the bowels; easy, natural movements, relief of is needed. constipation, try Doan's Regulets. 25c adv at all stores.

### Ernest Fisher Severely Injured

While returning home from work last evening, Ernest Fisher of Manchester Center, who was riding a bicycle, was struck by an automobile belonging to and driven by Dr. L. M. Kelley, and severely injured, it being reported that both legs were broken. The accident occurred about five

o'clock opposite the residence of Mrs. F. G. Strong while Mr. Fisher was returning home from his work at J.

Mr. Fisher was assisted into the car and later taken to the Rutland Hospi-

## The Eey.

Miss So-and-so has about sixty years old and still teaching school. It came about that her class had to be vaccinated according to law. They made a terrible fass about it.

"Ch, pshaw," said Miss So-and-so to them, "that's nothing. Why, I've been

"Is that once every seven years. Miss So and so?" asked James from the

## front row eagerly. And then the class began to figure with their fingers in the air. - New



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New England Telephone & Telegraph Co. W. E. BISSELL, Manager.

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## WANTED

## Summer Cottage Sites in Vermont

One of Vermont's greatest opportunities is the attraction of persons who will purchase cottage sites for summer homes. Many ideal locations for such homes are now waste lands; hill slopes and mountain-side locations, with good views, are particularly desirable.

The State Publicity Bureau will shortly publish a "Cottage Site" booklet, and descriptions of suitable proper-ties will be published free of charge. Send complete description and information at once to

GUY W. BAILEY, Secretary of State, s

Essex Junction, Vt. Descriptions may be left with Mr. W. H. Crockett, representing the Publicity Bureau at the New England Fruit Show at Montpelier, Nov. 14 to 18, 29-2

## **CLEANING** FALL

The Scient fic Way to Keep Your Homes.

Why Not Discard the Back Breaking Spring and Fall Bouts of Old and Clean One or Two Rooms Well Each Month?-Modern Women Are Doing This With Success.

Every housewife dreads the awful spring and autumn. The overstrict, too conscientious housewife observes both periods, and religiously cleans every room in her house twice a year. Almost every woman cleans house at least once a year, either in spring or in autumn.

It has always seemed more sensible for city dwellers to have their house- blow. cleaning period in the autumn rather than in the spring. In the first place, the average city apartment is closed up for the summer when its occupants leave town during the hot weather.

During the hot weather much more dust sifts through windows and doors from the street and settles on the furniture than in the winter, so that when the autumn arrives another cleaning

Consequently it has always seemed more to the point to clean your home In the autumn and have it neat and in good order for occupation all through the winter. Now, we might suggest that, instead of devoting ten days or a fortnight to uninterrupted housework, you take a room at a time and do one room a week.

This idea, or one similar to it, originated in the brain of a clever house wife who had dreaded the very idea of the annual housecleaning for years. She had hated all the heavy work. bunched in together for one long stretch. Finally the idea occurred to her that by doing one room a month she would do away with that hated period. This housewife had a six room apartment, and she found that by cleaning one room the first Thursday in every month she gave every room a housedeaning twice a year.

So she started putting the idea into execution. The first month she cleaned the living room, the second the dining room, the third one of the bedrooms. the fourth the kitchen, the fifth the second bedroom and the sixth a little room which was used as a sort of study and the bathroom as well, because both were small enough to do in one day. Then the seventh month she began all over again.

It made no difference in the affairs of the house, because she arose a little earlier one Thursday a month and did extra baking and cooking for that Thursday on the day preceding.

She found that this method did away with all the unsettled state usually attendant on housecleaning periods and, still more important, relieved her from Get Your Name in the all that after-exhaustion which so often follows a ton thorough housesclean. en follows a too thorough houseclear

When you have the house once in condition you can adopt some such schedule and give up one day a month to cleaning thoroughly one room. You will surely be delighted with this arrangement if you once try it.

## HER SCHOOL COAT.

Hoydens Like Best Plain Clothes That Are Comty.

Prune brown broadcloth is here used for this durable garment. The skirt is corded on to a round yoke closed



THE MONITOR.

with ball buttons, and the narrow belt is tucked to simulate the cording. Interesting pocket lids smarten up the effect. The hat is a brown velours.

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# The Silver Shawl

Queer Adventure of an American In the Turkish Hills

By CLARISSA MACKIE -0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0

It was in Constantinople on the steps of the Mosque of St. Sophia that Dick housecleaning period which comes both More and ran into the arms of bis ancient enemy, Pliny Brown.

'Hefle, Moreland!" frowned the sin ister older man.

Ah-er-why it's Pliny Brown!" ejaculated Dick, with a sudden vivid revollection of a lonely country read. a girl's frightened scream and his own strong right arm sending Pliny's evil face to the dust with a well directed

Of course Pliny had never forgiven or forgotten. Yet here he was now. smiling, with outstretched band.

Dick shook hands gingerly. "You're a long way from home," he said stiffly "I'm collecting for the Buffington museum," explained Pliny. "Been up back in the Beurad district-God for saken hole, too! Lived on bean curd and goat's milk and melons. Whew!" "I'm off that way myself tomorrow,"

emarked Dick, "I've beard the scenery is magnificent." "Got your painting kit, I see," re

joined Brown. Dick shifted his easel and paint box to the other hand. "Paying for my bread and butter as I go along." he grinned. "Well, goodby, Brown."

"Goodby," said the other; then be stopped and called sharply, "Oh, I say, Moreland?"

Yes?" Dick-turned around. "If you're up in the Beurad district he sure to stop at El Dregor, a scrap of a village on the mountain where they make the most wonderful shawls in the world. Ask for Achmed Harom and say I sent word be was to show you the sliver shawl."

The silver shawl? Sounds rather interesting." "It is interesting," Brown's dry

cackling laugh echoed down the empty SETTINET. Dick stared after him with curling

"Poor old duffer!" he muttered. "His

efforts to be agreeable sound like the evil cachineations of the villain in the

Dick Moreland thought little more of Pliny Brown, so unexpectedly met in this faroff corner of the world. There were plenty of American tourists in Constantinople in these days before like twin coals of fire; his pasty fa e the great war, and he had run across several acquaintances in his wanderings. Now his mind was engaged in planning for the trip he was taking into the Beurad hills. He had engaged a horse, a donkey to carry his pack and Alsohid, a sleepy eyed dragoman, as guide.

The next morning they started, while the Bosperus shimmered with the first rays of the sun. From a hundred minarets came the queer chanting call of Muezzins summoning the world to prayer. Birds sang in the thern bushes beside the road, and the smell of jasmine and roses was painfully sweet.

Dick whistled with the very joy of living, while his eyes roved, ever searching for some subject for his brush. He passed by many a picturesque villa, wayside well smothered in flowers and dusty caravan wending its way across the desert. No matter how he longed to stop and paint these alluring things, he had set himself a task-to paint the wild ruggedness of the Beurad hills, their flerce fantasy of crag and peak and crinkling water-



falls, the occasional glimpse of a wild goat or the solltary figure of a shepherd of the hills driving his ragged flock to greener pastures. On the morning of the fourth day

Dick carefully put away a completed picture and ate a hasty luncheon of

fresh dates and milk. "Where are we now, Alschid?" he asked his guide,

The dragoman arose from his seat beside his coffee cup and bowed hum-"Effendi, we are near El Drogor."

insisted Dick.

"El Drogor? Ah, the place of ahn wis? "There are shawls made there, Effendi." "The most beautiful in the world?"

go to Pidar for those, Efferell,"

chawl. Abelid F reked Diskya elemis. The man attered a shrill cry, lifted forting assurance, his hands above his bead and fled down the steep slope-fled without nu- suddenly appearing before him. "This other word; apparently without thought is the sliver shawl. of his master, the laden pork autual,

his own donkey, even his wages. The last Dick saw of his servant was a slim white shadow strenking neross delicate piece of sliver frost work hamthe plain far below. It disappeared in mered out by Achmed's patient fingers a grove of tamarinds. Over in the far into an exquisite pattern of pomegraneast lay the blue haze that was Con- ate flowers and fruit. Beaten to an stantinople. Beyond that was the Box in redible thinness, re-enforced by

"The silver shawi!" Dick laughed oddly and looked over at the scattered, the metal beater. group of houses called El Drogor. What was there in the mention of the silver shawl that had sent Alsehid fly around the American's shoulders. ing in such blind, unreasoning terror? Was it some native superstition? He silver shawt," he said significantly. resolved to keep his own counsel about the sliver shawl until he came face to not buy it, for he belongs to it, " reface with Achmed Haroun, whom minded Dick as Achmed fitted the flex-Brown had mentioned as the keeper of tible garment over Dick's broad shoul-

A bright eyed lad poked an inquisitive head around a bush, and Dick hired him to stay and watch the horses. Then, with the laden pack animal in train, he entered the village and inquired the way to the house of Achined Haroun.

Achmed Haroun was not a dealer in silken shawls, as might have been expected. He was a beater of gold and silver and copper, and his tiny cavelike shop hollowed out of the ro k of the hillside showed shelves of exquisitely wrought and pierced metal work He was working on the handle of a selmitar, striking tiny musical blows with minute tools. His long white beard was tied up on a knot out of the way, and his turban showed the green emblem of a pligrimage to Mecca.

"Is this the house of Achmed Ha roun?" asked Dick, bending his tab head to enter the doorway.

The old Turk bowed gravely and pointed to the rug before his low ta-

"Be seated, Effendi," he said courte

"You are a maker of shawls?" asked Dick, sitting down and lighting a cigar Achmed shook his head. "I am a beater of metals," he said, with a sort of haughty pride.

"Perhaps I've made a mistake. I'm sure Brown said it was the house of Achimed Haroun," muttered Dick.

"Pinroun? You speak of Effected B: roun?" demanded the old man eagerly. "Yes: he said to tell you to show me the silver shawl."

 $\Lambda$  silence fell upon the little shop. Acomed's wrinkled bands fell nerve lessly to the table. The little tools tinkled as they scattered; it almost seemed as though the two men ceased to breathe. Achmed's eyes glowed was drawn in fear.

Dick sat rigidly, wondering what had happiened to paralyze Achimed with fear. Was it the same terror that had sent Alsehid with flying feet toward home? Was it the mention of the silver shawl? What strange thing was this that galvanized one man and paralyzed another?

"Well?" he snapped sharply. Still Achmed stared with burping eyes that bored right through the Amer

ican's silk shirt collar. Dick unjointed his tall form. "How about the silver shawl?" be asked

irascibly. "Hush!" / Achmed's voice hissed through the cell. "You really-mean it?" he quavered.

"Why, yes. It's what I came for." "Return at sundown," advised Ach med. "Knock thrice at my door, Ef

fendi." "Very well." And Dick went reluc tantly.

At sunset or a few minutes after the faithful had turned their faces toward Mecca, Dick knocked three times at the closed door of Achmed's shop. It opened noiselessly, and he entered to find the shop dark, but a light shining through parted curtains at the back. The light came from a lamp placed far down the length of a narrow corridor that seemed to lead into the heart of the hill.

Achmed was standing by the lamp. his beard gripped tightly in one wrinkled hand his black eyes blazing with some inward fire.

"You see, I am on time," remarked

"Effend) is overanxious," remarked Achmed dryly, "Follow me." He led the way down a cross passage and turned again into a damp, earthy above them.

in this underground place. He was and have forgotten the be having." glad he had fully armed himself. He place for any good. Instinct prompted him to suspect treachery.

"My shawl does not mind the dampness," whined Achmed as he burrowed in a carved chest in one corner.

"Is it for sale?" "You mean the silver shawl?"

"Of course. Do you want to sell it?" buy?" he cackled. "He who tries it on cannot buy it, for he belongs to it." "To the silver shawl?"

"To the silver shawl," came back next time. Achimed's muffled voice from the corner where he knelt before the chest

Dick was not much impressed. He was used to the childish theatrics of the oriental, but something in Achmed's voice sent a queer shiver down the American's spine. He wondered if the rugs swaying against the drafty walls concealed assassins. He wondered if

The man shook his head. "One must be was watched by dozens of eyes while he waited for Achmed to bring "Have you ever heard of the sliver the sliver shawl. His hand gripped his automatic with a degree of com-

"Here it is, Effendi," sold Achmed,

"That all Dick's voice died away

In a sigh of appreciation. The so valled silver simul was a many a hidden ring and boit, it expressed in its entirely the life work of

Dick exclaimed admired, adored, and

"Effendi may say he has worn the

"You said. He who tries it on canders and fastened a little clasp in front-"it's too fight for me," grunted Dick.

Take It off, Achmed." But Achined had strangely vanished. The door of exit was closed. The lamp



"HE WHO TRIES I IN CANNOT BUY IT. FOR HE BELONGS TO IT.

flickered-and the shawl grew tighter every moment! Dick gasped and struggled. His arms were pinioned to his sides. What ailed this queer garment with its powers of contraction? Every expanding movement of his shoulders seemed to set in motion some new mechanism that drew the torture garment tighter about him. He could not move his hands, and the thin sharp edges of the "shawl" cut sharply into the flesh about his neck.

Dick realized that death was near, just as he realized that Pliny Brown had wreaked vengeance upon him at last. The silver shawl must be well known in this part of the country. for the very sound of its name had sent Alsohid flying toward home.

There was a strange thudding sound from above; some loose earth rattled down; then the rotting beams fell in with a crash, and Dick Moreland, half blind with pain, looked up into the pale twilight and saw scattered stars, the bulk of waving treetops and a group of faces around the hole in the roof of the cave.

The shrill voice of Alschid, the dragoman, came down from above;

"Effendi!" "Yes." choked Dick feebly.

Alsohid dropped down into the bole and five minutes later assisted Dick through the hole in the ceiling. The silver shawl was a bruised and shattered and, let us hope, a harmless remnant of its former self.

When Dick Moreland returned to New York he took with him a new valet-Alsohid, selemnly important, his red fez atep his sleek black head.

On the steamer he saw Pliny Brown. That scoundrel smiled blandly and essaved conversation. He nodded toward Alschid. "Your servant, ch?" he sneeted. Dick stiffened, "My friend, since be

saved my life, and I have conferred a title on him-Guardian of the Silver

And Pliny Brown slunk out of sight.

## They Insisted on Brevity.

The Spartans were distinguished for the brevity and conciseness of their speech. On one occasion during a tersmelling room. The beamed cellings rible familie the inhabituits of an issagged as with the weight of earth | innd in the Aggests sea sent an ambassalor to Siarta, who made at "Rather a damp place to keep speech imploring its aid, the had shawls," criticised Dick when the hardly finished before the S arrans rough door had closed behind them, sent him back the e werts, "We did He felt a vague feeling of unensiness not unconstand the end of your speech

The poor, starring prople choic offtold himself rather grimly that he other spokesman and incressed open should have remembered that Pliny him to make his request as brief as Brown would not have sent him to any possible. He therefore took with him a quantity of sacks, opered one before the governity and said simply.

"It is empty; fill it." The suck was filled as well as the others, but the chief of the assembly said as he dismissed the aminosador. loaded with meal; "It wasn't neceseary to inform us that the suck Achmed laughed eerily. "Who would ampty. We saw it ourselves. Neither was it necessary to request us to fill it. We should have done it on our own account. He less long winded

#### Corrections STEP BY STEP.

Great results cannot be achieved at once, and we must be satisfied to advance in life as we walk-step by step.-Smiles.